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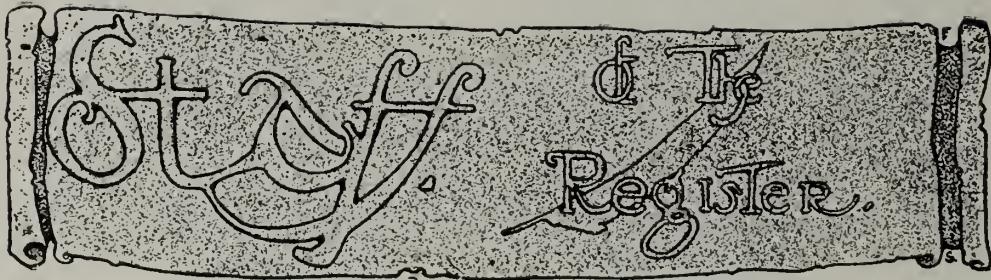
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WASHINGTON—THE HUMAN BEING

On February twenty-second, the world, laying aside the troubles of war and politics, will celebrate the two-hundred-and-fourth anniversary of the birth of a great American. Again the well-worn legends of the cherry tree and the unruly colt will be told and enthusiastically appreciated.

The historians and biographers of two centuries have praised and magnified Washington to the point of deification; they have placed on his head a halo of mystical glory. To us, who can know him only through the medium

of our textbooks, he seems to be a being wholly apart from the men of his age. Even the debunkers, those peculiar creatures who delight in tearing down and defiling even the most sacred of traditions, have hurled themselves against this shield of glory in vain.

Nor do we intend to minimize the greatness of Washington. What we should like to bring out is that our first President, the wealthy Virginia planter who, by resourcefulness and perseverance, led an oppressed people to independence, was a human being, a real flesh-and-blood individual who actually existed. We could quote from the more candid biographers that he was a notoriously bad speller, slightly bald and the possessor of false teeth. But these are of little, if any, consequence as facts. They merely are to show he was human.

The fact remains, however, that he was an exceptional human being. Only an exceptional man could have braved the long years of war, suffering, and almost intolerable hardship, that distinguished the American Revolution. Only exceptional qualities could have carried the infant America to a point where it was strong enough to defend itself against "foreign entanglements".

Washington, let us repeat, was a great man, but he was not a god. We respect him and love him for being a *man*, and a *great* man.

A. C., '36.

THE ENGLISH DEBATE

On the night of January 10, 1936, was the deed done. . . .

The English High School and the Boston Latin School met in the Latin School Hall on the field of forensic battle and waged a brilliant, spectacular, and never-tiresome struggle. The subject was: "Resolved, that the Constitution be amended to give Congress the power to overrule decisions of the Supreme Court". The Latin School team took the affirmative; English High, the negative.

Those who defended the affirmative side for B.L.S. were Messrs. Ober, McAuliffe, and Wilkas. For the rival Blue and Blue were Messrs. Paul, Driscoll, and Haufler. Ober and Driscoll handled respective rebuttals.

To us, at any rate, there was never any doubt of the verdict, which was not announced. Attacking with three clear-cut tirades, the Latin School team spanked its opponents into submission. The rebuttal, masterfully handled by Ober, was the culminating blow. It is safe to say that B. L. S. won theoretically, morally, and figuratively, if not literally.

Much credit is due both teams for earnest and courageous work, and most of all to the gentlemen who coached the debaters, Mr. Francis X. Moloney of the English High School, and of our own Latin School, Messrs. Wilfred L. O'Leary and John E. Collins.

Wilkas, third speaker for the affirmative and the Latin School, was awarded at the end of the debate, the prize given for the best individual speech made during the exchange of arguments. Mr. Frederick J. Gillis,

Assistant Superintendent of Schools, made the presentation and acted as master of ceremonies.

At or about eleven o'clock, the great crowd of enthusiasts who had stormed the gates of the hall a few hours before slipped down the stairs and melted into the night.

It was a great debate!

Arthur Cantor, '36.

OUTSTANDING

With pardonable pride, we announce that in the College Entrance Examination Boards of 1935 the Latin School, as in other years, swept through the field with flying colors. The following list names the Latin School boys who had exceedingly high honor marks in the examinations. Nice work, fellows!

COLLEGE BOARD HIGH HONORS—1935

English

S. Rosenberg, 90
N. H. Brisson, 90
L. Bernstein, 90
E. L. Sagall, 90
J. S. Canner, 90
B. Kalman, 90

Greek

Cp. 3—L. H. Demeter, 88
Cp. H.—R. Kaplan, 87
Cp. 2—H. Spatz, 92

German

Cp. 3—W. Siegel, 100
Cp. 2—The following received 95% :
I. N. Rosenberg
S. Soll
H. E. White
B. T. Hunt
I. Rosen
H. L. Berman

(Editor's Note: Throughout the country 15 papers marked 95% were given. Of these the Latin School received six.)

Latin

Cp. H.—W. Siegel, 90
Cp. 3—I. N. Rosenberg, 95
H. F. Lannon, 95
G. W. Ogar, 95
H. Spatz, 95

French

Cp. 3—A. Cohen, 95
S. D. Fox, 95
J. B. Soltz, 95
B. T. Hunt, 95
I. Rosen, 95

Cp. 2—The following received 95% :

L. I. Levine
E. V. O'Donnell
H. E. White
N. Z. Medalia
I. N. Rosenberg
J. J. P. Wilkas

History E

N. H. Brisson, 95
H. Brown, 95
S. Bunshaft, 95
J. L. Shack, 95

Math D

P. Lucas, 95

Math E

J. C. Trakas, 100

Math A

N. J. Cotsonas, 95
G. W. Ogar, 95

Math C

H. E. White, 100
B. T. Hunt, 100
A. P. Weiner, 100

(Editor's Note—Only five papers marked 100% were given throughout the country. Of these the Latin School received three.)

Physics

G. J. Laurent, 95

Chemistry

F. J. Donovan, 85
J. C. Trakas, 85

SCOOP

There on the knoll stood the oak, alone save for a muddy road sodden by an April rain. A fitful gust of wind caused the stout tree to twitch her leafless limbs; for a veteran of untold tempests, of innumerable wintry blasts, was not to be fazed by a mere zephyr. This lonely monarch, who felt only disdain for the torrent that the heavens had unleashed, espied at some distance an automobile that plowed its way through what had once been a passable dirt road. The coupe, of none too recent vintage, was driven by a determined-looking young man, the sole occupant, who was considering lunacy in two particular cases.

Fred Doran, Tribune reporter, wasn't a psychopathic case himself, nor did his bank account boast seven figures; hence, he did not put his thought into words:

"Editors are crazy, but ex-Senators are—well, worse."

A half hour later, the same mud-spattered machine struggled to the crest of a rise, slithered down a sharp incline, and halted before a tiny frame dwelling situated a short distance from a broad river. The lean individual who had emerged from his humble domicile could hardly be accused of inhospitality for not venturing into the mire that intervened between himself and the traveller.

Fred opened the car window and began, "How do I get to the Otis place?"

"Enoch Otis?"

"Right."

"You won't get there in that."

The owner of "that" smiled and responded, "It doesn't look so hot, but it'll get me there."

The counsellor in the doorway had grave doubts, however. He simply

said, "Better take my rowboat. Oars are in it. Mr. Otis lives on his island about a quarter of a mile downstream."

The speaker then turned on his heel and slammed the door.

The determined-looking young man glanced at the speedometer and thought, "I still don't know which is worse: an ex-Senator living on an island in the middle of No Man's Land; or a stupid editor who sends his ace reporter one hundred and sixty-four miles to get a story on that nut's hobby. And I could have covered that Jameson kidnapping!"

By the time Fred reached the island whereon Enoch Otis abode, he was perspiring freely. In the not so dim past, he recalled that he had rowed for pleasure and had enjoyed it; but when one thus exercised and was paid for so doing, it was, undeniably, work.

"None of the other sheets sent representatives. Old Charlie was a villain. He'd make a better slave driver than an editor. Otis probably collected stamps. So did F. D., King George, and fifty million other people, not exclusively Frenchmen. Quite original of Otis! Rain had stopped, he was three-quarters drowned anyway. That hick should have had a tin can in his boat to bail out the rain water. Practically new shoes! Oh, well!"

These were the weighty, if rather confused, thoughts that burdened Doran's mind. Finally, he reached Otis' island, tied the skiff to the dock, and proceeded to the low rambling farmhouse. At a first glance, one might take the building to be just that; but, on closer scrutinization, the curious observer would become aware of a certain undefinable air that

identifies a gentleman's country estate.

The weary reporter knocked politely on the door. . . . There was no response. He knocked again a trifle louder. . . . Not a sound issued from the house. Fred peered through a nearby window. A clock struck five o'clock. "Nobody home," he concluded. Despairingly, he pounded with might and main on the door. It opened.

Prim and gaunt was the woman (just past middle age, Fred judged) who appeared and stated with unmistakable acerbity,

"I heard you knock the first time. You are altogether too noisy. A gentleman doesn't attempt to batter the door down when a bell is visible. I don't intend to buy anything, so save your salestalk for someone else. If you're not a peddler what do you want?"

Fred stared in utter astonishment, for he had hardly expected to be greeted by such a succinct verbal barrage.

"I seem to have aroused the ire of an Otis. I must pour oil on the troubled waters." This observation, of course, remained unspoken.

To the irate one he suavely replied, "I beg your pardon. I didn't see the bell. My name's Doran—of the Tribune. I was sent here to get a story about your husband's hobby, Mrs. Otis."

The polite self-introduction went for naught.

"You must be blind. I don't like reporters especially fresh ones. I am Mr. Otis' housekeeper, Clara Butler. Mr. Otis is in his cabin out back."

Thereupon, Clara Butler shut the door.

"Holy cow!" Fred exclaimed. The second volley of grapeshot at close

range proved the decisive factor. He conceded the victory and retreated before he was routed.

Fred was trudging along through the wet grass toward the cabin when he glimpsed Enoch Otis who was returning, presumably, for supper.

"How do you do, Mr. Otis?" inquired Mr. Doran when the ex-Congressman drew nearer.

"Pretty well," was the reply. "You're a reporter, I take it. Met you in Washington, eh?"

"Interviewed you about that tariff measure you were backing," Fred added.

"We put that one over. Pretty hot debate, but—" Otis smiled reminiscingly.

"I'm Doran — Tribune. They sent me to get a feature story about your hobby." This latter statement was voiced in a tone that might be expected from one who has been eternally disgraced.

Otis perceived the sentiment. "Haven't you a pet hobby?"

Doran, who had been trying to select the least used sheet from a varied assortment of battered papers in his breast pocket, replied frankly, "Me? I should say not. My time is worth something."

Evidently the subject was an oft considered one, for the "inquiring" reporter launched into a tirade.

"One friend of mine spends every spare moment in quest of Buddhas. Bronze, wood, ivory; big or little; light or heavy; red, black, blue, all the hues of the rainbow; it doesn't make the slightest difference to him as long as it's that cross-legged Oriental with the wart on his forehead."

The speaker paused to catch his breath, then continued:

"Another chap, a lawyer like your-

self, perfectly sane in every other respect, has a mania for cigar bands. I was with him about a month ago when he spotted a rare find on the 'stogie' of a total stranger. When he boldly asked the fellow for the band, the man called a policeman. The poor simpleton would have been "hailed in" on a charge of drunkenness if I hadn't known the officer."

"You don't approve of a hobby as a means of relaxation," Otis concluded and stated.

"What benefit is it? — Did your hobby ever prove of service to you?"

"Well, I can't say just yet."

"By the way, just how do you waste your time? That's what I came here to find out."

"First, I want to ask you a question. — You ought to be a pretty good judge of such matters. What do you think of my chances?"

"What chances?" Doran questioned dully.

"Of getting into the White House. I'm running, you know."

"So long! Thanks a million! I'm running too," shouted a certain overjoyed individual as he sprinted to the dock. The upstream pull held no qualms now.

* * * *

"The chance of a lifetime! The old man'll put an extra on the street with this 'scoop'. 'Exclusive Tribune story by Frederick Doran.' Charlie must have expected it. He's a good old scout. A nice fat raise!"

These were the rambling reflections of the gentleman who drove the little car that skipped from pool to pool, for there were no puddles. A geyser-like curtain of mud and water spouted from under the hurrying wheels as the vehicle alighted in each succeeding reservoir. Now it changed its con-

tortions, ceased imitating a frog, and began to squirm, wriggle, and finally to wallow in the slimy concoction amalgamated during a week's rain. All the automobile's writhings were not in vain. The fruit of its arduous labors was a pair of ruts to the depth of an automobile hub, in which the rear wheels now reposed.

Not even this catastrophe could daunt the spirits of Frederick Joseph Doran, who nobly resolved to wade to his destination, which was nearly a mile distant, for he had no alternative.

One side of the miry pit presented an uninviting jungle of brambles and underbrush; the other was a rolling meadow inundated by a swollen stream.

Fred didn't relish the idea of sloshing through ankle-deep mud, but he was primarily concerned with the story. Through his mind there flashed a myriad of thoughts pertaining to his "scoop." Comfort was not to be found under such circumstances, but he was happy when he plodded by the solitary oak which wryly smiled at his retreating figure.

Just before six o'clock, he stood, or rather, leaned in a public telephone booth in a town, whose name he didn't know and didn't particularly care to know.

Into the ear of the switchboard operator at the Tribune office, he drawled, "This is Doran on the Otis story. Connect me with 'the fossil'."

Musing a bit, he chuckled when he recalled the hobby story, and then, he listened—

"I knew you'd produce, Doran, that's why I sent you. Let me tell you what's happened; then I'll turn you over to the copy desk, because that hobby story is coming at a very op-

portune time. You see, a 'spark' over in Brooklyn received that 'Otis for President' story, and the imbecile telephoned it to the syndicate offices. So all the papers got it from the news service. Every sheet in town has an extra on the street. Enoch, the old rascal, radioed it, you know."

"What!" exclaimed the demon reporter in a faint voice.

"Amateur radio! Go back and get another interview as soon as possible. Here's the copy desk."

"But—," protested the bewildered listener.

* * * *

There was no outward sign, not even one of recognition when the

morose reporter passed the oak for the third time.

The morning was fair and almost cloudless; the air was sweet as nectar. During the night, the earth had imbibed freely of the accumulated rain of seven days. The road was a road once more.

Not a word passed between the scribe and the repair man, a village yokel, who accompanied him with two planks on his shoulder. One who has been so cruelly cheated by the Fates isn't given to idle chatter.

The oak was silent too. It had felt anew the primeval call, the surge and the power, the eternal promise of Spring.

E. V. McAuliffe, '36.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

His soul is a haunted house—

Each night views a sinister scene;
In slow parade before him pass
What was, what is, what might
have been.

He knows no dew or dawn of day,

No sunlit, lush romance;
Eternal darkness binds his brain
With knotted chains of circumstance.

Blindly he moans for light and life—

But the spectral walls say naught;
And only the creaking doors reply
In mocking echoes of his thought.

His soul is a haunted house—

And he the cringing slave;
No path lies open but the tomb,
No refuge but the grave.

Arthur Cantor, '36.



PENANCE

Slowly Howard Kirney walked along the avenue crowded with early morning shoppers. He gazed thoughtfully into the faces of the throng and knew that many had been lifted above the humdrum of their daily round by his beautiful books. And Howard Kirney would live only six more months. Thus had three eminent doctors proclaimed. Howard Kirney would write no more fine romances. He who had been born in poverty, slaved and toiled to acquire riches by stories of romance, of which there had been none in his life, would write no more.

The author reached his home and rode up to his luxurious apartment. The apartment now seemed to have crumbled to ashes. And as he gazed through wreaths of pipe smoke into the dancing flames in the fireplace, Howard Kirney resolved to write another book before he died. He would write a book of poverty, he would tear the beautiful veil of romance that he had built, he would expose life in the squalor and the sordidness that he knew so well. That, he decided, was the least he could do to atone for the deception he had been practising for so many years. His last book would be a real book; no lies, no treachery. It would tell of the real things that must be encountered in life: the gray skies, the stormy days: no smugness.

As the months passed, Howard Kirney came to know that he was writing the best work he had ever done. Every emotion—keen, intense, bitter—that he had felt in his days of strife touched the pages with masterful purpose. His book told of lies and treachery, of greed and unhappiness; it caused the deep-set lines in Howard's face to become sombre fur-

rows. And as the days passed and he felt the strength ebbing from his muscles, he worked more and more feverishly to complete the work. And the struggle within himself to refrain from the long-accustomed words of beautiful nonsense became more and more intense. The book took shape and the story developed, and the publishers, knowing this would be his last work but ignorant of its nature, vied with one another for the honor of producing it.

* * * *

Howard Kirney wrote "Finis" carefully at the end of the last chapter of his book, "saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." Thus he quoted to himself as he leaned back exhausted in his deep chair. He picked up the manuscript in his hand and walked slowly to the window and gazed at the dark blue of the sky and the twinkling pinpoints that were stars. And faintly up to him from the streets far below there came the shrieking of whistles and the rumble of horns and thousands upon thousands of voices.

As if from some strange outer circle of consciousness it occurred to him that this was the eve of a new year—the time for a brighter hope for the ringing out of the old, for a firmer handclasp and a cheering word. Howard Kirney stood long at the window, until the shouting had died away and the pinpoints that were stars had merged with the dark blue. Then firmly he turned and strode toward the fireplace; he warmed his chill hands at the blaze that the manuscript made among the dying embers and followed with smiling eyes the glowing sparks as they leapt up the chimney.

Wilbur Doctor, '36.

THE LUMINOUS WATCH

The plane came down with the whirring of ailerons and the sickening blur of choking engines. For a few minutes, it settled spasmodically in the pitch-black water. A suspicious drift of purplish smoke rose thinly from the hood. Insistent rain beat an unruly tattoo against the sides. Overhead, an impenetrable sky—toneless, lifeless, and lightless — grimaced darkly at the hidden sea.

The aviator took a deep breath and looked at his luminous watch. It was three minutes past midnight. Rising from the open cockpit, he cast a bleary glance at his surroundings, striving for the friendly outline of the mainland. But only the blackness of the night greeted his straining eyes. He sank back in the seat and shook his head. There was, he reasoned, no hope. The plane would soon become waterlogged and sink. When the inevitable arrived, it was time to submit. He leaned back and lit a cigarette with trembling hands.

Before him, in quick succession, marched a parade of events. He glimpsed in the cigarette smoke his first ascension in an aeroplane, the sacrifices he had made to buy his first plane. And had it all come to this? Was he to meet the destruction he had shrugged aside for so long? He shuddered and as quickly looked at his luminous watch. It was fourteen minutes past midnight.

The swish of something aroused him from his reverie. In the inky darkness, he made out three lean shapes, long and hungry. Around the plane they glided, silent, ominous, threatening. With shaking lips, he spit out a curse.

The half-forgotten phrases of an old song came back to him. In pa-

thetic bravery, he roared the strains out to the blackness and the three lean shapes that hovered around him. The rain was growing stronger. Its insistence became a demand, and its demand a muffled roar. On the aviator's head it beat, chill and cutting. And the song ceased as abruptly as it had begun. He looked at his luminous watch, and smiled mirthlessly. It was twenty-two minutes past midnight.

It was growing quite cold, and a wind had come up from out of nowhere. In a feeble attempt at protecting himself, he crouched low under the instrument board. But his eyes, restless and growing feverish, kept gazing at the three long shapes that soundlessly circled the plane. He felt, not without horror, that the machine had already sunk a little. In mute testimonial, a puddle of water welled up from under the seat and soaked his numbing feet.

He sought comfort in reminiscence. An old joke came to his mind. He laughed heartily but hollowly, for the terror of his circumstances drowned his mirth. There would be nothing to laugh about, he thought grimly, when the sea had seeped through the fuselage, and the three long shapes had claimed a feast. Well, he said to his inner self, there was still the knife to beat them off. Perhaps a ship might find him. Perhaps? The ghost of hope haunted his mind for a second, and his senses rejoiced in the light of an uncertain faith. But the reality of the situation smote him. This was no dream. He was actually down at sea. In a short time, the plane would actually sink. The prospect of Death was actual and imminent.

He noticed that the three long shapes had disappeared. His spirits

soared quickly. The rain was calming down. He tried to sleep for a while. He must sleep. He must sleep. . . . He slept. . . .

He woke with a start, and looked at his luminous watch. It was twenty minutes past three o'clock. He passed a hand over himself, and shivered at his wetness. It was still dark, but the blackness was turning to the lighter tones of a heavy gray.

Suddenly, he gulped. A short distance away from the plane, which was half submerged, three long shapes dived quickly. Again the spectre of fear haunted his mind. He gasped. A numbness seized at his throat and forced a groan of terror from him. O the relentlessness of fate! Must he perish, after all?

His forehead, he noticed, was hot.

And this was strange, for the rain was still falling on his head. He closed his eyes, but he saw, nevertheless, three long shapes, lean and hungry, waiting, ominous, threatening. He slept again. . . .

* * * *

When the aviator woke, it was dawn. On the horizon, he saw, not a hundred yards away from him, the mainland, cool and beckoning. And beside the plane which was almost completely submerged, three long shapes, lean and hungry, materialized into three giant tunafish waiting for some garbage scraps.

A paroxysm of frenzied laughter seized him. Still laughing, he stripped himself of his soaked flying suit and struck out for the mainland.

Arthur Cantor, '36.

PROM!

The class of '36, as represented by six stalwart seniors, will soon present for the edification and entertainment of their fellow-scholars, the annual Purple and White Prom, second major dance of the school year. The Crystal Room of the Hotel Kenmore will resound to the strains of music and tripping of the light fantastic on the night of February 14, 1936. For the nominal fee of two and one-half simoleons (\$2.50), the students of Latin School may discover the reason why the "music goes roun' and aroun'." So unlock the closet, drive away the moths, and drag out the perennial tuxedo! Sally forth with Sally, O senior, and make this dance a real success!

T. S. W.—A. C.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Nov. 29—We shed our turkey tears at the B.L.S. ovoid hop and pig-skin symposium, otherwise known as the football dance.

Dec. 2—Debating Club met today. The subject of the altercation was "Resolved: That the protasis of a past contrary-to-fact condition introduced by an umlaut is more likely to succeed in later life than the perpendicular, parallel to the square root of Boyle's Law, drawn through the abscissa." Veddy int'risting! But no wonder Mr. Marnell resigned his directorship! Present victim: Mr. O'Leary.

Dec. 3—Physics Club meeting, but only three members showed up—the head physician and two little fizzes. Evidently photo-electric relays and 50-yard dashes don't mix, after all, for track tryouts were held in the drill hall. Among other notables we espied one Mr. Fitzgerald, who, we learned, is the coach. Well! Well! White, who is so used to running, was also down there, but merely to jeer. Captain "Joe Fink" delivered a mighty oration, consisting of two words: "Hello, boys!"

Dec. 4—The R. R. R. *parsed* by a meeting of the Second Periphrastic Congregation at the Latin Club today. . . . That knave of clubs, Ye Olde Fusse and Feathers Societie, gave the spiders another chance to get their home-work done in Room 312. Extra! Mr. Carroll found out that a pawn has nothing to do with three balls.

Dec. 5—The second Math Club meeting resembled the trophy room of a college fraternity as Rosenberg, not content with befuddling the minds of the Mathemagentsia with the mysteries of calculus, threw around a few *pi's*, *tau's*, *sigma's*, *delta's*, and *peninsulas*. A savage argument arose over the pronunciation of the Greek letter "phi". "Fee!" said Mr. Lucey. "Fie!" said Greenberg. Remarked Mr. Winslow, "Pho-phum!" . . . The R. R. R. almost broke his neck trying to get into the Safety Club meeting.

Dec. 6—The Upper Classes crept slowly into the Assembly Hall. Right again: Declamation! And a nice pleasant group, too—four executions, two murders, and one violent death. "Bucky" Miller, making no bones about it, cheered us up, however, with a pretty little cannibal tale. . . . This week's quiz for the faculty: How can you distinguish between a fashionable man and a tired dog? Answer next month.

Dec. 7—Answer to last week's riddle: Because one wears an entire costume (derby and white scarf included) and the other simply pants. . . . Mr. O'Keefe thrilled the Literary Club members with a talk on Sigrid Undset. And speaking of thrills and literature, Doctor assures us that Gertrude Stein is the wife of Frankenstein. . . . At the Coin Club the

tale was told of the ambitious young counterfeiter, forging ahead.

Dec. 10—*Mille tonnerre!* Mr. Henderson's French class was startled by the appearance of two budding schoolmarms. The poor boys had to wake up, comb their teeth, brush their eyes, and put on their shoes. . . . All the comforts of home at old B. L. S. Some solicitous soul at the office exhorted us to wear rubbers and to come in when it rains. Tsk! Tsk! Mr. Wilbur, who is the apple of our eye, insists that a heifer cow is better than none. (No wonder they call us the Raving Reporter!) . . . Binder spellbound the Physics Club with "Streamlines." The wind resistance was boreal. Whee!

Dec. 11—Oh! Oh! The Dramatic Club is going to present "Journey's End." . . . Time marches backwards! The football squad went bundling today. (No!—for the *Post Santa!*)

Dec. 12—Mr. G. B. Cleary gives his sage advice for' chillun: "Trust not the horse." And he doesn't mean Discovery, either, do you, Mr. Cleary? "No," says Mr. Cleary. . . . Heard in the wastebasket: "Who is this guy Homer, anyway?" "Oh, he wrote a couple of books called 'The Idiot' and 'The Oddity'."

Dec. 13—Herr Artur Gesellschaft attracted much attention in Room 226 today. At Latin School the gentleman is more familiarly known as Art Club. . . . Lawrence of Algeria, *alias* Zouaoui, Mohammed Ali, *alias* Mr. McGuffin, bewildered them at "Le Cercle Francais" with "Life in Northern Africa." . . . At the same French Club, "Voici l'Anglais avec son sangfroid habituel" was translated as "Here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold!"

Dec. 16—Stamp Club meeting. Subject of the talk was "The Farleys of

1935." . . . Not that you care, but the Debating Club tryouts were held. The first debate of the year will take place on Jan. 10 with English High School. The Latin School will be represented by Wilkas, Ober, and McAuliffe, with Cantor as alternate. For your information, alternate is old English for "water-pourer."

Dec. 17—Among other interesting items gleaned from "The Tercentenary History of the Latin School" was the news that most of our faculty entered the school as teachers, but soon became junior masters. Hum!

Dec. 18—Mr. Benson, suffering from an overdose of Barrie and "The Admirable Crichton", remarked today that the water-bucket would come in handy for several people at Latin School. Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? . . . Those cries of mortal anguish echoing through the corridors today emanated from Room 303, where a member of the "Register" staff, Warshaw by name, lay prostrate on the floor, loudly bewailing the theft of his bottle of milk. Our secret service informs us that a concerted effort is being made to starve him out of writing any more of his so-called poetry.

Dec. 19—The eight survivors of the initial meeting of the Math. Club heard "Einstein" Rosenberg complete his course: "Calculus in Two Easy Lessons." Next week: Porter on "Work Problems". We don't know what to call him, but he's mighty like a Rosenberg.

Dec. 20—We "shutter" to report a meeting of the Photographic Society, focus. . . . One Marcus (captain of the chess team, and not Mr. Norton's famous brand) has succeeded in defeating the state chess champions. If we only had five more chess players, now, we could have a chess team.

Dec. 23—For the second time within our aged and decaying memory, our sisters from across the street invaded B. L. S. This time they came to see the Christmas play, put on by the combined dramatic clubs of the two schools. . . . All honor is due Wilkas for his remarkably distinct enunciation. He spoke his lines most eloquently. . . . Every senior with an officer's uniform suddenly developed an acute case of "usheritis". . . . "Gratitude", a tragedy in two acts. Act I: Mr. Faxon receives beautiful gift from adoring class. Act II:

Class receives beautiful test from Mr. Faxon.

Jan. 2—Attention! This day should be of vital importance to every public-spirited Latin School boy, for he will soon learn whether the R. R. R. (remember him?) is to proceed in his class "cum laude", "magna cum laude", "summa cum laude," or "cum again, you flunked!"

Jan. 3—The big shots of the Rifle Club are now demanding twenty-five (25) cents from each member, but those sturdy refusilliers reply that they will give no quarter! Ho! Hum!

retropeR gnivaR s'retsigeR

ALUMNI NOTES

Last year, as has been the case since Latin School started sending its sons to Harvard University, several of its graduates were awarded high honors upon graduating from the Cambridge institution. Victor Glunts and William Shapiro were graduated *summa cum laude* and were awarded Phi Beta Kappa keys, while Robert Cleary, Julius Kaplan, Robert Lichtenstein and Stanley Stellar were graduated *magna cum laude* and were also elected to the honorary fraternity.

The following Latin School men were awarded Harvard College Scholarships for the year '35-'36: Manuel Alter, '32, Gleason L. Archer, '34, George H. Brown, '33, Irving Fine, '33, Sydney J. Freedberg, '33, Harry Hershman, '32, Sidney Hoffman, '32, William J. Jacobson, '33, Saunder E. Jacobstein, '34, Edward S. Josephson, '32, Stanley Levenson, '33, Jacob Levine, '33, John Megalonakis, '33, Henry Sherman, '34, William J. Sullivan, '33, and Samuel Winisky, '34.

"Red" Thompson, the vice-presi-

dent of last year's class, is attending Columbia, where he is secretary of the freshman class and captain of the yearling cross-country team. . . . Leo Leary, "Bob" Mullen, "Ken" Sullivan, and "Jim" Tracy, four popular members of last year's class, are matriculating at Bowdoin. . . . "Sharley" Colbert, '34, is going to Brown and is heard daily on commercial broadcasts over station WEAN.

Joseph P. Kennedy, '09, formerly chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, has been appointed by the Radio Corporation of America to make "a study of the problems relating to its capital structure."

Burton D. Robinson, '35, who is now a freshman at Tufts has been awarded his numerals for playing on the freshman football squad. Likewise, William C. Garner, '32, who is a senior in the Engineering School over at Tufts, has just been awarded his varsity letter in soccer after three years of outstanding playing on the Tufts team.

Allan J. Joseph, '36.

ALUMNI NOTES FROM AN ALUMNUS

A bleak and drear Copley Square smiles with the hesitant warmth of the winter sun as Nathan Learner, one-time editor of this noble rag, twinkles his devious way toward the learned archives of the Boston Public Library, there to pursue his study of matters legal. . . . Of like vintage is Grover Cronin, Jr., who bends an ever sober gaze on the elm-lined mews of Cambridge. . . . And Lee Baruch Harris seems to have made Phi Beta at Yale. . . . Then there's William B.

Dunne, who now finds lucrative and congenial employment keeping a page or two ahead of his French and Latin classes at the Rye Country Day School. . . . And then, there's your correspondent who divides his time impartially between trying to persuade George F. Frazier, Jr. to foregather enough copy for a professional journal which is, as yet, unborn and furthering the best interests of the employer who makes such a futile past-time possible.

Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., '32.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"And if I am elected, you will all be able to eat lunch in the home-room period."

"But sir, I left it in the home-room."

"I belong to the Glee Club."

"May I go to the Library and see Mr. Dunn?"

"I am going to mark you severely; one mark."

"You'll have to get a detention slip from the office."

"Pay your class dues now!"

"Are you sure there is no more room in the car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'll have to give you a zero."

"Oh! you go to Latin School, too?"

"Did you get the Physics home-lesson?"

"But sir, two 50's and an 80 average 60."

"Declamation Monday."

"You're supposed to be standing at attention."

"Boys, this is a study period."

"The third floor goes down to lunch at 12:35."

"I flunked Trig again."

"Where were you in the home-room period?"

"I'm busy tonight."

"Did you or did you not do the home lesson?"

"I'm transferring to English High School."

"Fares in the box, please."

"I hope he accepts this."

Julius N. Ludwin, '36.

STAGE, SCREEN AND GALLERY

Sumner E. Turetzky, '36

In the midst of the present deluge of melodrama, costumes, and swash-buckling heroes, it was with real pleasure that we found the film "La Maternelle," at the Fine Arts Theatre. It is the story of Marie, a ten-year-old waif in a Paris day nursery, who is misunderstood because of her lonely and sensitive nature, and Rose, a worker in the institution, the only one who is able to sympathize with the child. A close attachment springs up between the two, and when the latter goes away to be married, the little girl, deserted by her only friend, attempts suicide.

It is rather hard to swallow the idea that a ten-year-old could consider taking her own life, but it may be possible at that. At any rate, a great find was made in the person of Paulette Elambert, who portrayed Marie. She is not beautiful by a long shot, but has an extremely expressive face with immense dark eyes. Leave it to the French to find a child of such talent! Paulette Elambert is something more than a Shirley Temple.

* * * *

Max Reinhardt's success with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has started a real Shakespearean cycle. Norma Shearer's "Romeo and Juliet" is nearing completion, while Elizabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier are co-starring in "As You Like It." At the same time Walter Huston is laying plans for a motion picture "Othello," and there is even a rumor going around that Katherine Hepburn will do "Hamlet". This is a far cry from what we were getting two years ago,

and it speaks very well for the American theatre public.

* * * *

Boston had a very bleak December, insofar as dramatics was concerned. During the last *Register* month there was not a single legitimate play in town, with the possible exception of "Three Men on a Horse", that will be remembered a year from now. Broadway has no less than twenty-seven "legitimates" on the boards just now, and at least eight of them are definitely smash hits.

* * * *

Unquestionably the most talked-of art exhibition of the month was the group of fifty-four Japanese screens on view at the Museum of Fine Arts. They are a part of a large collection of screens held by the Museum, and represent the art of the Japanese Renaissance, which, curiously, closely coincided with the European awakening.

It would be impossible to describe every screen that pleased us, but there was one entitled "Willows, Peonies and Herons," that particularly caught our fancy. Japanese painting had always seemed to us stiff, primitive and ugly, but this was something that transcended all barriers of style. White and brown were the only two colors used, but never were they employed more effectively and with more beauty of contrast. The composition was very interesting, the two horns of a hyperbola being used for the framework. No understanding of art is necessary for the appreciation of this screen, and it is

one of those things that should not be missed. The exhibition will continue through February 2nd.

It might be of interest to art enthusiasts to learn that the coming Van Gogh exhibition is to be used for the subject of the painting branch of the essay contest to be sponsored this year by the Museum of Fine Arts. No further particulars are as yet available, nor could we learn the subject of the history essay. The exhibition should be in Boston by the middle of February.

* * * *

Sergei Rachmaninoff was the guest artist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra recently for the first time in many years. His own seldom-heard Third Concerto was chosen for the solo, and he acquitted himself, as

usual, admirably. The stirring third movement, with its insistence, its driving triplets, and its crashing conclusion, swept the audience out of their seats and brought on thunderous applause which lasted fully fifteen minutes.

It was, however, not so much the composer as the soloist to whom the praise was tendered. Rachmaninoff has a unique style among the Titans of the keyboard; he bends his efforts more towards expression than bravura. Perhaps the reason is that his marvelous technique is so well-known that he feels at liberty to get something besides fireworks out of the piano. At any rate, he has, despite his impressionistic leanings, so lacy and delicate a grace that one might almost compare him with Mozart or Haydn.

EXCHANGES

The members of the "Register" staff are pleased to announce receipt of the following school publications:

The Inkpot, a publication of the Darien High School, Darien, Conn.

The Hebronian, a bi-monthly paper published by the students of Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine.

The North Star, a bi-weekly publication of the students of the Wichita High School North, Wichita, Kansas.

The Sandtonian, a weekly paper published by the students of Sand Springs High School, Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

Ulula, a magazine published monthly by the members of the "Old Mancunians Association" of the Manchester Grammar School, Manchester, England.

L. S. B., '36

FROM THE LATIN OF HORACE.

ARS POETICA, 158

A boy who just has found the key to words	To see his steps beyond the weary bend
And walks the world a master of his fate,	Of life's most treacherous pool of vice and hate.
Exults in men beyond his time and date,	Honor clasps him tight within her arms,
And flares to anger which dies before the morn.	And nothing can he do but what he thinks
Fickleness turns his mind and leaves him prone	About results and means to mend the links;
To all the change and whims of foolish men,	To keep himself above reproach or blame.
Moulded by forces far beyond his ken.	And now, when grey, obstacles yet pursue,
Tender youth, his shackles left behind	For, reaping much, his hand remains tight closed,
He turns his mind to hunt, and dog, and field;	Unwilling to share his prize beside the road,
The dice divert his eye and first sown seed.	But covetously clinging to his swollen hoard.
He mocks his master for his greying age;	Slow in movement, cold in all his ways,
With haughty glance he looks with scorn on all.	Timid, and greedy of what he still may gain;
Lavish demands fulfilled are soon displaced	Hard to move, complaining of each pain;
By things less loved, to linger for a space,	Boastful of his younger happy days;
And readily die, as from the first they have.	And yet, unmindful of his foolish ways,
When now a man, and changed of heart and mind,	Childish rebuke descends upon each head.
He looks for gain, and more a sturdy friend,	

F. W. Locke, '37.





Within the short space of three years Mary Ellen Chase has risen from the comparative obscurity of a Professor of English at Smith to a position of pre-eminence among our modern women novelists. Today she is surpassed in her art by only Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather. The most remarkable circumstance about Miss Chase's sudden spurt to fame is the fact that her entire reputation is based on two novels, "Mary Peters", published in 1933, and her new book, "Silas Crockett." Others, it is true, have achieved renown with one or two best sellers, but their reputations have been those of "rising young novelists". Miss Chase, with her two books, has established herself as a master of technique, as a woman of mature experience, and a sympathetic and understanding nature.

"Silas Crockett," like "Mary Peters," has for its background the coast of Maine; like the family of Mary Peters, the Crocketts knew Maine when the clipper-ship era flourished and the Pine-Tree State was more than a vacation land. Silas, the son of James and Abigail Crockett, the most influential citizens of the prosperous town of Saturday Cove, was, at 23, a ship's captain, and

already realized that his life was forever bound up with the romance of the sea. Another romance, too, had wound its way into his soul, for he was returning from a record voyage to marry Solace Winship and carry her off with him over the face of the globe. Few men in those days dared to take their loved ones into the dangerous waters of the pirate-ridden East; but Silas, buoyed up by his youth and pride in his calling and ancestry, felt confident that his experiment would succeed. However, Solace's first voyage ended tragically. Her first child died, and an overwhelming fear of the sea pervaded her mind and flooded her life with mistrust and apprehension. Not until a stormy morning in Boston twenty years later, at the launching of the clipper-ship "Surprise", did she awake to a comprehension of the beauty and mystery of the sea, and the glory of sailing ships.

Solace's second son was Nicholas, a Crockett to the core, who grew up amidst the already vanishing splendor of Maine's great era of prosperity. He took to the sea, married Deborah Parsons, and remained true to sail in the face of his wife's opposition and increasing impatience. Two

months before the birth of his son Reuben, he died a tragic death on the Grand Banks.

Although outwardly unlike the rest of the Crocketts, Reuben remained true to the family traditions. Turning his back to more lucrative professions, he chose to command a small steamer that plied its smoky way along the coast of Maine. Already the last vestiges of Maine's golden age had slipped away; and Reuben's son, Silas II, found in 1920, a land absolutely different from the waste his ancestors had known. Post-war Maine was the mecca of the rich vacationists; the docks and fisheries and shipyards—badges of a better time—had disappeared, and the old houses were changing ownership. Reuben and his wife, Huldah, clung to the old Crockett homestead as long as they could, but they too were finally forced to sell. In the face of the general disaster of the depression years, Silas left college and went to work in a herring factory. The story of the tragic decay of the grandeur of the Crocketts is epitomized when Silas and his future wife, Ann, are denied entrance to the old Crockett home by the butler of the rich Philadelphia owner. However, if the material splendor of the Crocketts had gone, their traditions and dignity and spiritual heritage lived on:

"Looking out from his eyes, standing firmly in the poise of his head, were unchangeable things—the daring of Amos and James, the humorous wisdom of Abigail, the steadfast devotion of Solace through years of fear, the faith of Silas and Nicholas hanging to fast-dying sail with the world against them, the secure and patient ways of Reuben, the unshaken and glorious reality of Hul-

dah's love for God . . . the substance of all things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen, the everlasting triumph over time and chance."

"Art," remarked Clayton Hamilton apropos the drama, "consists of two fundamental processes, a selection of details from nature and an arrangement of these details in accordance with a pattern." "Silas Crockett" is a perfect example of this true art. Miss Chase's selection of quiet incident and descriptive detail is so fitted into a pattern of beauty and courage—that a deep and sincere picture of a vanished glory and old way of life is evinced. Plot is subordinated to characterization and background; but the characters are so vibrantly alive and human and the background is so superbly reproduced that one is quite willing to dispense with the novel's more conventional trappings.

With "Silas Crockett" Miss Chase proves that she is one of the rarer talents of the present American scene. Her next book can be anticipated with real pleasure.

* * * *

After reading Pauline Holmes's "Tercentenary History of the Boston Public Latin School 1635-1935" I was left with the impression that Miss Holmes might know all that was to be known about the complicated machinery that has kept Latin School going for 300 years, that she might be thoroughly acquainted with the rather prosaic "how" of our existence; but that, for all her probing, she did not give us the "whys and wherefores" of our life, or capture the spirit that has made Latin School what it is today. The spiritual condition of the Latin School may have nothing to do with Miss Holmes's purpose, but somehow I'm sure that it has, that

any true history of the School must consist of more than a collection of old archives and documents, archaic School Committee Reports, and outmoded curricula. Latin School is more than a parcel of crumbling parchment, a lot of faded memories.

However, except for this defect, Miss Holmes has done a remarkably thorough job in her history. The opening chapters on education in Boston, the founding and development of the school, and early administration and supervision are concise and show remarkable research, even if somewhat dull to the casual reader. However, whatever element of tediousness there is vanishes immediately when Miss Holmes begins a discussion of Discipline in the School.

For instance, we learn that in 1635 the student body (all five or six of them) committed such offenses as "not knowing lessons, tardiness, playing hookey, booing in class, whispering, firing a pistol, shooting with popguns, cheating, laziness, gambling, and even the use of bad language." What an unoriginal lot of dullards now attend the school; in 300 years we haven't been able to better the misdemeanors of our forbears! Another choice item is this: "Gaffer's ferule—we called Master Lovell 'Old Gaffer'—was a short, stubbed, greasy-looking article, which, when not in use, served him as a stick of sugar candy. . . . But Master James's fashion of wielding his weapon was another affair. He never punished in Gaffer's presence; but, whenever the old gentleman withdrew, all began to contemplate the day's disaster, and to tremble, not when he

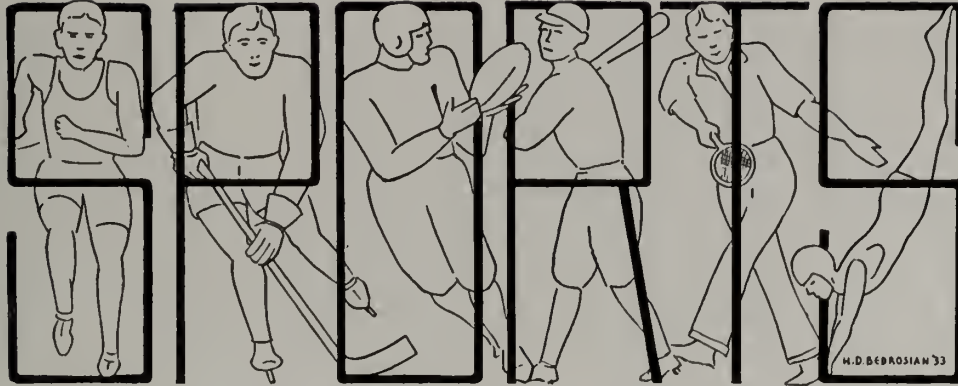
'frowned', for he did not frown, nor was he an ill-tempered person, but rather smiled sardonically as if preparing for a pugilistic effort. . . ."

The modern generation is well acquainted with some "sardonic smiles" but Allah be thanked that their pugilistic efforts are confined to the generous disbursement of marks. And there's this enlightening sentiment so familiar to Latin School teachers: "He sometimes endeavored to operate upon the boys by praising them and often found it produced good effects—but found degradations were much more lasting and operated longer upon their minds to produce good behavior."

Famous pupils and masters, the location of the schoolhouses, the development of the curriculum, and textbooks are discussed in later chapters. The last two sections, on the curriculum and textbooks, are especially attractive and will give those of you who labor under the apprehension that we are overworked something to talk about. In the old days a Latin School boy was inundated with such a flood of learning that he was better educated when he left the school than many a modern college graduate.

The book is replete with twenty-four appendices and a hundred or so illustrations. For your enlightenment a list of all Latin School masters past and present is included, to say nothing of a parody of Vergil by Santayana. If you, fortified by four or more years' experience in the Latin School are willing to interpret the Latin School spirit for yourself, you can find no better history than Miss Holmes's scholarly work.

H. Ely White, '36.



THE REGISTER'S ALL- OPPONENT TEAM

It may seem rather out of place to mention football while we can feel the wintry blasts running up and down our spines, but this is the first time the *Register* has appeared since a complete resume of the season could be held. Therefore, with apologies for its lateness, the Sports Department presents the official *Register* All-Opponent Eleven.

L.E.—McPhail—English
L.T.—Dailey—English
L.G.—Ross—Dorchester
C.—Clancey—B. C. H.

R.G.—Mantos—English
R.T.—Eichorn—B. C. H.
R.E.—Litch—Commerce
Q.B.—J. Powers—English
L.H.B.—McHugh—Dorchester
R.H.B.—Little—Commerce
F.B.—Flaherty—B. C. H.

Honorable Mention

Alexander—Dorchester—E.
Calabrese—M.A.H.S.—B.
T. Powers—E.H.S.—B.
Ryan—E.H.S.—C.
McCarthy—Commerce—T.

James M. Kean, '36.

WHERE'S THE SCHOOL SPIRIT?

Every year at this time, it seems as though the student body forgets that there is a track squad which represents our school in competition with the other schools of Boston.

This season the outlook for a successful year is rather good, even though we have lost from last year's crack squad such notable performers as Thompson, Feinman, Powers, Anderson, McMillan, and numerous other stars. True, the aforementioned luminaries have departed from our midst, but nevertheless there are still

some sure point-winners sporting the Purple and White banners, among whom are Captain Finklestein, Beyer, Powers, Dacey, Murphy, Bjorklund, Martin, and Helman. This group of boys will form the nucleus of what should be a potent team, but where will they finish against the other schools that do not possess such a galaxy of stars, but have three times as many boys competing against our sole entrant in the various events?

English High School and Roxbury Memorial are always among the first-

rate teams, and it isn't due to the calibre of their runners story that those two schools are fortunate in having among their enrollments. It is a direct throw-back of school loyalty. Every season, without fail, a goodly proportion of the enrollment of those schools answers the coach's call for candidates, and as a result, the coach may enter as many boys in each event as he may wish, with the result that there is always a sure point-winner in that event.

Coach Fitzgerald has a promising group of new-comers working out

daily in the drill-hall, and these boys along with last season's veterans give promise of developing into a powerful team, but even Coach "Fitz" the wonder man, cannot work miracles unless he has material with which to do it, so those of you who have been content to sit back and read the results in other years, come on out!

If you can run at all, there is a chance of your winning a coveted "L", and furthermore you might be on the first Latin team to beat English. Go to it, fellows!

James M. Kean, '36.

OFFICIAL TRACK SCHEDULE FOR 1936

Jan. 16—Class Meet.	Feb. 27—Relay Carnival, Latin vs. English.
Jan. 24—Dorchester vs. Latin vs. M. A. H. S.	Feb. 29—Annual State Meet.
Jan. 31—Latin vs. Memorial vs. M. A. H. S.	Mar. 4—Regimental Trials (hurdles, 1000 yard run, 600, 440 and 300 yard runs.
Feb. 5—Latin vs. Trade vs. Commerce.	Mar. 5—Regimental Trials (dashes 176, 220 yard runs)
Feb. 14—Latin vs. English.	Mar. 7—Regimental Finals.
Feb. 26—Regimental Field Events.	

HOCKEY HOTSHOTS

The newly formed Boston Latin Independents reported for work on Wednesday, December 18, and held their first practice at Chandler's Pond, Brighton, on December 20.

The destiny of the team will be in the hands of Mr. John O'Donnell, who has willingly given his time to coach the boys, and Paul Saint, who will assume the managerial duties.

The probable line-up will have "Jim" Dowd at center, flanked by "Bill" Hunt and "Bill" Carr on the

wings. "Red" Tully and "Bill" Mitchell will be at the points, and Jack O'Brien in the strings. This line-up will be assisted by "Billy" Murphy and "Chet" Berry, wings, and "Connie" McGrath, defense.

Through the efforts of Manager Saint, the boys will display their wares in a newly formed league that includes English, Somerville, Malden, and Hudson High Schools. The games will be played at the Arena on St. Botolph Street.

James M. Kean, '36.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

No, my dears, the circus is not in town; that conglomeration of uniforms that you saw on your visit to the Drill Hall was only the track team Joseph has been training seriously, and declares that he is in shape now. . . . The Independents, Paul Saint's touring mammoths, came in second to the Arlington Americans at the latter's rink in their first game of the season. . . . Score: Arlington, 6; Latin, 1. . . . What happened, O'Bie? "Bill" Mitchell tried to decapitate the opposing goalie when he made one of "Eddie" Shore's patented power rushes and wound up, puck and all, on top of the goalie *in* the net "Joe" Finklestein, the grand opera end, is now out for track and should win his share of races over the "600" distance. . . . Congratulations, Harry Gorman, on your election to the captaincy of the 1936 B.L.S. eleven. Here's hoping the club is a winner. . . . What could a certain Boston newspaperman have been thinking of when he failed to mention even *one* of our football stylists on his "All" team? It seems as though Bjorklund, Tully, Histen, Mitchell, and a few others could fit nicely into any man's All-Boston team without any trouble at all. . . . Well, they

weren't picked. So what???? "Jake" Murphy is convalescing at his home after a serious illness during which the Grim Reaper had "Jake" backed up against his own goal line (Life) and it was fourth down for him; however, "Jake" sliced off-tackle and went down the field to score and fool the old boy, beating him 6-0. . . "Red" Rosenfield should be among the consistent point getters for the Purple this season, if practice sessions mean anything. Irving Rosen is another lad to keep your eye on. . . . His specialty is the broad jump. . . Dan Dacey goes on just like "Ol' Man River" Football is no sooner over than that distinguished Brightonite is out tossing the shot for the track team. . . . Sid Vernon promises to scrape the roof when he competes in the high jump. . . . His height should give him what he lacks in jumping ability. . . . How will the track team make out? . . . Here's the answer of the coach: "Chances for success this year are slim, but there is always room for a pleasant surprise." . . . Tell that to John Drohan of the *Traveler*, Coach, and you'll have the front seat in his "Weeping Room" along with "Gil" Dobie and "Lou" Little.



EVEN IN THE BEST OF CLASSES

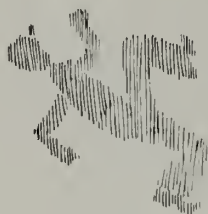


THE BOY WHO LOOKS AROUND
THE BOARD TO SEE IF ANY
OF THE TEST MATERIAL
IS ON IT



I DIDN'T QUITE
GET THAT
QUESTION
SIR!

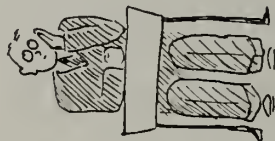
THE BOY WHO WATCHES
THE CLOCK AND STALLS



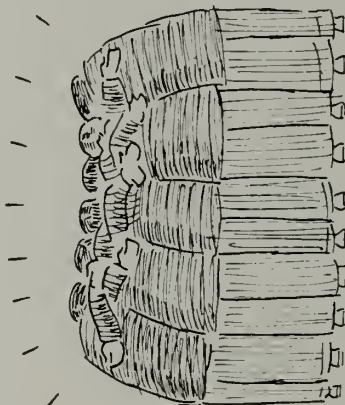
A SLOW-MOTION PICTURE OF A
BOY ON HIS WAY DOWN TO
THE LUNCHROOM ONE
SECOND AFTER THE BELL



THE BOY WHO IS SO ANXIOUS
TO RECITE AND GIVES
THE WRONG ANSWER



A STUDY ROOM
LAST PERIOD
FRIDAY



JUST DOING THE LATIN HOMELESSON

SIR IT'S
HOME ON
MY DESK



EXTRA! BOY INVENTS NEW
EXCUSE! WE THOUGHT HE
LEFT IT ON THE PIANO

BULLOCK 36



Stella lay in the lush green grass—in the moonlight alone. Her cheeks were cooled by the dew; her legs were wet with it. Exuberant spring throbbed and pulsed about her; soft breezes caressed her; odoriferous flowers sent up sweet smells to her nostrils; all was perfection—except—that she was deserted, alone.

Stella sighed. Why had she been left there in the fields at midnight? The wretch! And already she was sold; nothing to shelter her, no one to care for her—deserted alone. She had been led astray and forgotten.

Then Stella got mad. She rose from her grass bed, shook herself, and began to bawl—and bawl—and bawl. The rank injustice of it all, to be left on such a night as this. And further more, what kind of a cow did that farmer think Stella was?

The story is that an ant was viewing a dead horse, lying in the street, sadly. He was regarding the deceased quadruped when a truck bearing a load of liquor barrels came thundering up the street. Just as it was nearing the dreary scene, one of the barrels fell from the truck, broke open, and spattered the contents over the street. It seems that the ant took one sip of the liquid, took the horse by the tail, and shouted: "Come on, big boy, let's go!"

Neckst

She frowned on him
And called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
And then, in spite,
The following night,
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

And then there's the guy, who, upon being asked to give a sentence with the word bewitches, remarked: "Wait a minute, and I'll bewitches in a minute."

Circus Man: "The leopard has escaped — shoot him on the spot!"

Guard: "Which spot?"

Bobby: "Why were you kicked off the Glee Club?"

Joe: "I had no voice in the matter."

Packed in the oval was the colorful crowd, jammed in with scarcely room to breathe. Row on row, layer on layer, the crushing mob was packed in . . . packed in, as some would say, like sardines.

And the funny part of it was, that they were sardines.

"My end draws near," said the wrestler, as his opponent bent him double.

"See that man over there? Well, he saves two hundred dollars every day."

"He must be ambitious."

"Not exactly. He rides on the subway every day, and there's two hundred dollars' fine for spitting — but he doesn't spit."

"Foiled!" said the stick of gum as it went through the wrapping machine.

"What an awful gash you have on your forehead!"

"Oh, next to nothing—next to nothing."

Gent: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter: "There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

Never try to gag a talkative person—he'll only chew the rag.

Writer: "Here's the manuscript I offered you last year."

Editor: "Say, what's the idea of bringing that thing back when I rejected it once?"

Writer: "You've had a year's experience since then."

Question: "How does a delinquent husband differ from March?"

Answer: "He comes in like a liar and goes out like a lamp."

"I am sorry I married you," sobbed the bride.

"You ought to be," he said, "you cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."

People who live in glass houses should go into the florist business.

Officer: "How do you address the Secretary of the Navy?"

Gob: "Your Warship, of course."

"I've certainly raised a lot of families," ruminates the elevator boy.

Hostess: "Winter draws on."

James: "No, but if it keeps cold like this, ma'am, I'll put 'em on Saturday."

Mr.: "Is this piano yours?"

Mrs.: "We own about an octave of it."

Two deaf men on the same road.

First Deaf Man: "Going fishing?"

Second Deaf Man: "No; I'm going fishing."

First Deaf Man: "Oh! I thought you said you were going fishing."

There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a

kitty;

He gave it a pat,

And soon after that,

He buried his clothes. What a pity!

Riesman: "Sign up, gents. Learn that new dance—the postage stomp."

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